HERALD OF FREEDOM.

"I enter into no compromise with Slavery. I am for Justice, in the name of Humanity, and according to the Law of the Living God."

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ANTI-SLAVERY.

From the Liberator.

Letter from James R. Campbell, M. A.

MONTROSE, Oct. 14, 1840.

MY DEAR SIR:

From your known zeal in the anti-slavery cause, I have every confidence that you will give the enclosed Address a place in your honored publication, the Liberator, and use what other means are within your reach for its circulation. Whatsoever expenses you may incur in fulfilling this desire, I shall gratefully remit, on receiving account from you of their extent. It is only in the general I can call you my friend; yet I am proud to know you, and to have given a speciality and distinctness to my knowledge of your public worth, by extending to you, along with others, the right hand of sincere fellowship on your recent too brief visit to the city of Edinburgh.

Believe me, my dear sir,
Yours ever faithfully,
JAMES R. CAMPBELL, M. A.

W. L. GARRISON.

AMERICAN SLAVERY.

REMONSTRANCE FROM THE CONGREGATIONAL UNION OF SCOTLAND.

To our fellow-christians in America, the Address of the Annual Meeting of the Congregational Union of Scotland, held in Dundee, on Thursday the sixteenth day of April, 1840.

OUR BELOVED BRETHREN,—In fulfilment of a resolution passed at the Annual Meeting of the Congregational Union of Scotland, held in Dundee, on the 16th day of April, 1840, we again address you. We feel the utmost freedom in renewing our communications with you on the painful *subject of slavery*, because we are more *than* ever satisfied of the truth and urgency of the reasons against the system of slavery, which have been embodied in the addresses, emanating from the same body, for several years successively; because in pressing our views upon your careful and devout consideration, we are using a right which our common profession of Christianity gives; and especially because the representations of former years have been received and acknowledged by some Christian communities amongst you, in a manner so kind and fraternal, that it would be as ungenerous as unwise in us, not to renew these tokens of our fervent interest in your spiritual welfare and religious reputation.

It gives us the highest pleasure to know that so many of you are convinced, as well as ourselves, of the sin of slaveholding and slave-dealing; and that you are moved, in consequence, to use the most strenuous and persevering exertions to cleanse the land from its abominations. Brethren, our hearts are entirely with you,—our prayer is, that the number of such may be 'greatly multiplied,' that your counsels may be wise, your zeal untiring, your efforts united and effective, your success speedy and abundant. It is a much more grateful task to concur and congratulate, than to remonstrate and reprove. We would rather be called to stimulate our American brethren, when they were already active—to touch responsive chords in the bosoms of those who were 'willing of themselves'—to strengthen the firm purposes of sincere and vigorous godliness, than to complain of sinful apathy, or to arouse from inactivity, which implicates them in the crime which they do not denounce. It is with disappointment, and distress, and shame, to which you can perhaps scarcely give credence, that we look at so large a body of professing christians in your country at this moment consigning their fellow-men, some of whom are professors of the same faith with themselves, to the wrongs and indignities of hopeless bondage; whilst many more, not slaveholders or slave-dealers, are the strenuous defenders of the existing system; and many more, protecting any fostering it by their connivance and countenance. The slave system, as it exists in your country, is awfully comprehensive of evil; the crimes which feed and sustain it are nameless for their enormity; the vices which it nourishes in its various departments are wide-spreading and execrable; the wrongs which it inflicts on the body, mind and spirit of the bondman (and of him who holds him in bondage) are incalculable; and our amazement exceeds utterance, that any professing the name of Christ, should not see and own the system to be, throughout, intensely criminal,—should not, at every hazard and sacrifice, escape from the contact and contamination of such a physical and moral pestilence,—should not, as by the instinctive and irresistible impulses of his nature, devote himself to denounce and destroy it. We cannot but think, that if our brethren would calmly examine the system, by the lights of holy scripture (not to speak of natural reason and equity,) and deliver themselves from the delusive subtleties of abstract speculation, they must surely conclude, that they could not, in consistency with their christian profession, without a dishonorable stain on their character, without a withering blight upon vital religion, and a most manifest bounty upon worldliness and infidelity, actively support, or in any way countenance, such a system. With what truth can they hold forth the gospel of Jesus Christ, as a system of which the features, and withal the fruits, are righteousness, mercy, love and purity, if it can cover under its name, or shelter by its doctrines, a system, of which oppression, and cruelty, and crime, are 'the spirit and power?'

To hold their fellow-men in bondage, as absolute saleable property, is a sin in any; and can the professed followers of Christ, who bow to his sceptre, venerate his laws, and have learned at his feet the spirit of meekness and benevolence which he breathed and inculcated, put their hand to this work of wickedness? Experience and observation teach us the great power of prejudice in biassing the judgment; and for this, brethren, we would allow amply in your favor; but, can you hide from yourselves, that, in countenancing and supporting slavery, you are living in sin? Are you not assured, if you reflect, that while this sin is cherished, your souls must be blasted and withered; that insincerity must be established, as if by a law, in the hearts of the worshippers of that God who will have men to 'lift up holy hands' unto him; and that the godliness which will survive such habitual quenching of the Spirit, must be transformed into the 'spirit of bondage'—the very drudgery and dregs of spiritual life?

You allow it, brethren, to be a truth in morals, that our consciences may be charged with the guilt of practices in which we do not actively or directly share, if these practices are sheltered by our countenance, and protected by our silence respecting their enormity, or our inactivity towards their restraint and abolition. On this principle, if you leave any legitimate means unemployed, or any practicable or probable methods unattempted, for removing this disgraceful and cruel system from your borders, you become its patrons and protectors. It is possible that we, at this distance, may not be fully acquainted with all the difficulties of your position as a nation, especially of the several States in relation to the Union; and it is possible we may have underrated these difficulties. We are not conscious of wronging you even in thought. But, taking these obstacles at their highest estimate, unless they forbid any movement whatever on your part in this great enterprise of mercy, you are bound, as men and as christians, to make what exertions you can. If you have not full liberty of action, it is yours to use the liberty you have. You have not every advantage desirable or possible for contending with this gigantic evil; but great advantages may be procured and created. Inactivity cannot be guiltless until you have done 'whatsoever your hand findeth to do.' Brethren! 'necessity is upon you,' and, harsh as the judgment may seem, we cannot see our escape from the obligation, but by dishonoring or abjuring your most holy faith.

A most urgent reason for immediate and uncompromising hostility to the system of slavery, arises from the fact, that thousands who are members of your churches are the active agents of its unmitigated horrors. A most injurious and fatal element is thus diffused throughout the religious community; 'a little leaveneth the whole lump.' Association tends to bring men to a common level. In the soil of such hearts, godliness cannot flourish. The other portion of the church must, by communion with them, be deteriorated and corrupted. The tone of spiritual principle and sentiment is lowered. The whole church is brought into fearful danger and certain injury. There is, of necessity, a reserve in the general heart in favor of notorious injustice and iniquity,—sound spiritual health is therefore impossible. And by so much as the character of the church is stained, its influence for good is diminished. Men are compelled, despite of every contrary inclination, to view with suspicion even the religious activity and enterprise of a community thus seriously vitiated;—what would in other circumstances be regarded as the unequivocal indications of spiritual prosperity are distrusted, and with apparent reason, as if they were the uncandid attempt (not unknown in the history of the church) to cover the neglect of one duty by counterbalancing zeal in the discharge of another. Bethink you, dear brethren, of these consequences, which your own spiritual sympathies will set before you, we trust, with greater effect than the most elaborate portraiture by us. If vital godliness decay in the church; if the fountain of spiritual health be poisoned, whence are to come the streams to refresh and beautify the thirsty land, and change the wilderness into a fruitful field? There is but one way in which such a dreadful calamity may be averted:—'Wash you, make you clean, put away the evil of your doings from before the eyes of the Lord; cease to do evil; learn to do well, *seek judgment, relieve the oppressed, judge the fatherless, plead for the widow.*'

But such a change we cannot anticipate while the great body of you admit and cherish so inveterately the prejudice against color. This prejudice, of which the friends of justice and humanity complain, as one of the main supports of the slave system, and one of the greatest barriers to their successful struggle with it, we can think of, only with amazement approaching to incredulity. It is a weakness we can scarcely allow in you. It is an infringement of right reason quite unworthy of an enlightened people. It is based on a falsehood, to which facts, palpable as noon-day, are giving contradiction; for the persons who are despised for a peculiarity merely corporeal and superficial, are the owners of the high faculties of man; and many of them, by the cultivation of their mind and the virtue of their character, may be an honor to any country, and an ornament to any society. It is vexatious injustice to punish as a crime what none can with any show of reason allege to bear that character. It is an indication of impiety; for it pours contempt on the work of God, and quarrels with the decrees of his providence.

If it were necessary to extend our reasons further for the course to which we affectionately invite you, we should bid you cast your eyes on your rising youth, the pride of the nation, the hope of the church. This stain on your name and religion cannot escape their observant eye. They will very likely be perplexed and confounded by the manifest contrariety of your principles and your practices. When they see a system so 'earthly, sensual, devilish,' supported by some of you, countenanced by others, tenderly dealt with by most, they will very likely cast the weight of your example into the scale of their worldly interests, perhaps thenceforward despise the authority, or deny the origin, and certainly corrupt the quality of the religion you would teach them; and when your eyes see, or your foreboding hearts shall prophetically picture to you, your posterity denying the power of that religion whose form they retain, or in proud or presumptuous infidelity defying heaven in their courses,—conscience may say to you, in embittered accents: 'Have ye not procured these things for yourselves?'

Nothing seems more truly calculated to gratify the cravings of the scoffer at our holy religion, than your countenance of slavery. The gainsayer takes his stand upon your practices, and you are not the defenders of the faith that can weaken his position. You may therefore reasonably question whether your connexion with slavery is not doing greater injury to religion than the most combined and self-denying efforts can do for its defence and propagation.

Brethren, what shall we say more? We might appeal *to your reason as men:* disown the great practical untruth to which you have given currency under your hand, that man may lawfully hold his fellow in bondage,—may give to man the place of the brute, and change the living responsible agent into a mere chattel!—*to your wisdom as politicians:* attempt not to bind your society together with that which now weakens, and may ultimately dissolve and desolate your nation:—*to your consistency as Americans*—the friends and advocates of freedom: whilst you exult in liberty and independence, lift your foot from the neck of your prostrate brother; hehe not in your acts the boastings of your lips; turn not the lofty notes of freedom into *the croakings of hypocritical* selfishness:—*to your sincerity as patriots:* foment not these smouldering and scarcely hidden fires that may suddenly burst forth to desolate your altars and your homes:—*to the tender sympathies of domestic and relative affection:* do not wrench and sacrifice those affections in others, which constitute the honor, and happiness, and excellence of your own being: but we appeal especially, and with lively hope, to you, *as the disciples of Jesus Christ. If your Lord's commands are binding on you,* you will 'do justly and love mercy'—you will 'do good to all men as you have opportunity,' and at least render to them that which is 'just and equal'—you will 'owe no man any thing,' and therefore not withhold from him his dearest rights and pleasures. *If your Lord's spirit be attractive to you,* and you 'know the grace of the Lord Jesus Christ, you will cultivate 'the mind which was also' in Him: you will 'condescend to men of low estate;' you will 'look, not every man to his own things, but every man also on the things of others.' *If your Lord's love constrain you,* you will 'glory in his cross,' and thus 'be crucified to the world, and the world unto you;' you will not suffer worldly advantage nor any other idol to dispute his supremacy, or restrict his honor and obedience as the Lord of the heart and conscience. *If your Lord's cause be dear to you,* you will hold forth the word of life;' you will, by 'manifestation of the truth,' commend it 'to every man's conscience in the sight of God,' and by embodying in your life the equitable and benevolent spirit of the gospel, give no 'occasion to the enemies of the Lord to blaspheme.'

To those bearing the Christian name, engaged in slaveholding, we say, with all fidelity and affection,—review once more the first principles of the gospel. Own, as you surely must percieve, the sinfulness of the traffic in the pilfered rights and liberties of your fellow-men. Wash your hands at once from the dishonorable defilement. Deliver your consciences from the crushing load of guilt. Break the fetters in which your souls have until now been held. Enter into the full liberty of Christ, which consists in honoring his authority and laws. Suffering and loss may await you; but were it martyrdom itself, the spirits of sainted martyrs invite you to the sacrifice; Christ's promises will sustain you—his shadow will cover you—and his unchanging favor be your everlasting crown.

Let those whose hands are not engaged in the work of oppression, keep their hearts free from contamination. The guilt of those whom you own as brethren, should open up the fountain of sorrow in your spirits. By so much as they come 'short of the glory of God,' be it yours to stand forth with 'garments unspotted,' as witnesses, for the righteousness, and benevolence, and purity, which the gospel inculcates. Suffer not sin upon your brethren, or you make it you own. Abjure all maxims of worldly policy, when they would set aside the authority of Christ. Deliver your souls at once and for ever from copartnery in crime. Inactivity is guilt in the sight of your Divine Master. Compromise is treachery to his interests. Timidity is distrust and disaffection. Abandonment of the cause of the poor and oppressed, is apostacy from your high and holy calling. 'Be strong, quit you like men.'

Let our colored brethren who have obtained the blessing of freedom, bear, with the meekness of Christ, the wrongs to which they are still subjected. You, dear brethren, need no stimulus from us to hate slavery, and hunt the loathsome system to the death. 'Go, and the Lord be with you.' You will repress, however, as befits you, excess of your own, at the sight of your brother's injuries, lest natural passion should hurry you into word or act that would embitter your spirit, defile your conscience, and ultimately injure your great and godlike enterprise.

Our dearly beloved brethren who are still in bonds,—we would remember you as bound with you! We would mingle our tears of sympathy with your tears of suffering. But you have a fuller and more efficient sympathy than ours. Ye are the Lord's freedmen. Your souls exult in the liberty that sanctifies and expands the immortal spirit. In all your sufferings, the eye of Heaven beams on you with pity. The Lord puts your tears into his bottle. 'For your shame you shall have double. 'In your patience,' dear brethren, 'possess ye your souls.' In the furnace of suffering, your heavenly Lord is brightening and beautifying your spirits to adorn his diadem of glory.

Finally, beloved brethren, our 'hearts desire and prayer to God' for all of you is, that 'whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report,' you may 'think on' and 'do;'—and that 'the God of peace may be with you.'

Subscribed in the name of the meeting,
RALPH WARDLAW, D. D.
DAVID RUSSELL, D. D.
JAMES R. CAMPBELL, M. A.

From the Monthly Offering.

A Tale of Endeavor.

MRS. JAMES was a physician's wife in the western part of Massachusetts. She received, one day, an odd number of the Liberator, through the medium of the Post Office, from one who had seen her name in the list of donors at the end of the Missionary Herald. The same spirit that had made her solicitous for the welfare of the distant Asiatics, caused her to read with interest the pages that recommended to her attention the more distressing condition of the American slave. She was a Christian; and the extinction of slavery ever seems to the Christian heart a holy and ennobling object, demanding immediate exertions for its attainment. She could not account for the hot excitement which the discussion of the subject seemed to have produced on the spectator. She was extremely ignorant of plantation details and of all the statistics of the matter;—in fact, she had never before given it a moment's thought; and was indebted to the following paragraph, which caught her eye, for the whole amount of her actual knowledge respecting it.

"Two and a half millions of slaves in a Christian country! The degraded brethren of the freest nation on earth! mere human chattels! Every sixth man, woman, and child, owned like pieces of merchandise, as strictly respected, and as transferable!"

It was little, but it was enough. "Slavery as it is," had not then been published, but out of this short paragraph her active mind drew inferences, which rendered such a book, to her, unnecessary. "Two millions and a half!" The paper dropped from her hand—her eye fell upon her infant child, and the reflection that every one of these children of misery must be as sensitive and as beloved as her own, sunk deep into her heart. Had any one told her then, that slaves do not feel as freemen do, she would have denied it; and she would have been right; for slavery does not extinguish the instincts of humanity, nor destroy the capacity to suffer. This her own human instinct told her, and to this mental philosophy and physiology are obliged, when brought up to the witness-bar, to testify.

"What shall I do for the *extinction of such a system?*" she said; (for the first determination of a sound and unprejudiced judgment in contemplating the removal of any evil, is *to strike at the root.*) "Suppose," she exclaimed, as a friend entered the room, "we go this afternoon and talk with some of our neighbors, and try to prevail on two or three of them to take this newspaper, from which we shall be able to learn what instrumentalities are already in motion. I don't doubt we shall find that there is a society in operation, and it will be best, if there is, for us to aid it. We might associate ourselves together for that purpose, in this place; for we know by the effect of all our other associations, that many hands make light work. Ten persons together can effect *more* than ten times the amount that *one* person can. We can help to print and circulate publications and sustain agents, as we do in other benevolent operations. Indeed, it seems as if a little light only, were wanting, to stir up the whole nation about it. This paper has awakened me, never to sleep again on this subject, I trust."

The friend fell in with her views, and arm in arm, they took their way to pursue what they had ever found the efficient course to promote the various objects of benevolence they had at heart, viz: to take measures for securing the co-operation of others. Their first call was upon the family of their pastor. He was himself within, and readily entered into conversation with them. He feared, he said, that they were hardly aware of the delicacy of the subject, or the difficulties that surrounded it. Situated as the ministry and the church were at the South, he had no doubt that the agitation of it, must be necessarily followed by division, and every ill that ought to be most deprecated. He knew, perhaps, more than some others, respecting the character of those by whom the movement had been commenced. They were harsh and denunciatory, and abusive of good men. He could not but hope that Mrs. James would refrain from identifying herself with them, though he was as anxious as any one could be for the abolition of slavery. He should advise, however, waiting till such a time as the subject could be introduced without giving offence. This could not be done while the instumentalities he alluded to were in existence, as they caused all efforts to be suspected. Indeed, it was no wonder that the South, and the North, too, should close their ears against men who strive to deprive of influence, some of the best Christians in the land, who were unfortunately involved in slaveholding.

"Best Christians! unfortunately!" exclaimed Mrs. James, with a hasty touch of indignation and sympathy with the suffering and the wronged; "why surely it ought to be made an object to deprive of his influence, forthwith, the man who in the nineteenth century, in Christian and republican America, uses it to gild the system of slavery. Every jot of character and influence he has, prolongs the existence of slavery."

Her pastor could not forgive her for having a truer moral sense than himself, and never after heard the subject adverted to without shame, and pain, and opposition.

Her next call was upon the deacon of another church, who was one of her neighbors. He was no advocate for slavery, he said, but he always had observed something in ladies which unfitted them for the consideration of such subjects as this. They were apt to be carried away with one idea, and to introduce it, as it were, *butt end foremost.* These subjects ought to be managed on the principle of the wedge. "Just as he chose," Mrs. James replied; "she would leave it entirely to him *how* they should begin." He thought *when* they should begin, was the more difficult question, as the time was now occupied. Almost every evening in the week was devoted to some benevolent operation. They must not leave these things undone. "No, nor the other, either," was the reply. 'True,' responded the deacon, "but we have a very interesting revival of religion in our society, and we ought to be exceeding careful how we grieve away the Spirit, by introducing new matters which would give rise to difference of opinion.

"The Spirit, like a peaceful dove,
Flies from the scenes of noise and strife."

you know the hymn, my dear madam."

Again Mrs. James lost the power to suppress her thoughts. "Religion, Indeed! What sort of a revival of it, must that be, which a consideration of human suffering, and the means of relieving it, will hinder! 'The Spirit!' not the Spirit of the Lord, for that is anti-slavery, and can only stay where there is liberty. I do not construe the Bible as you do, my friend, I find."

Here was another opposer of the anti-slavery cause brought out.

Her next call was as unsuccessful, because the neighbor to whom she applied, did not wish to join in benevolent efforts with any but his own denomination. He liked, with Yankee foresight and discretion, to build up benevolent societies and the presbyteries with the same trowel, or as he inwardly said, "to kill two birds with one stone." This low state of mind was not able to perceive the beauty of the parable of the good Samaritan, with an allusion to which, his visitor favored him, or to exercise that Christian foresight which would have shown him, that if there was any need of societies, it must be because the presbyteries had not done their duty, and consequently, that both could not be temporarily built up together.

A fourth effort was repulsed by the confession of the friend with whom it was made, that she did not think affairs so connected with the *politics* of the country, the proper sphere of women. Mrs. James wondered in silence, as her friend had, only the week before, presided at a Whig *pic nic.*

The next call failed of success, because the lady had a married cousin in Virginia, whose feelings would be hurt, if, on her return in the summer, she found her engaged in an affair of this kind. The North had no right to interfere—it was a state concern.

Another attempt in the lawyer's family, was also fruitless. After half an hour's conversation with the lady of the house, which apparently produced conviction, the gentleman overset the whole by coolly looking up from his conveyancing, and recommending them to form a Sewing Circle, and *buy a slave* with the avails; as then their consciences must be relieved by the fact that they had done all they could.

To make a long story short, the only effect of an afternoon's intense exertion, in walking and talking, was to raise up a set of *opposers* to the anti-slavery cause. Mrs. James returned to her home *sad*, but not disheartened, for the effect upon her mind was a deeper and still deeper conviction of the goodness of the cause; *her* cause, as she now felt it must be for the rest of her life. The very coldness, and discouragement, and contempt that had been poured upon it, made her feel the necessity of vigorous exertion on her own part.

The slaves had a friend in herself—the principles of freedom were inextinguishable kindled in her own mind, and she did not leave undone what she could do for their promulgation, because no others could be found to sustain them.

"It is like the first preaching of the gos-

pel;" thought she—"this application of it to a hitherto unrebuked sin—a sin which I find is growing up rank in the bosoms, that by their distance from its grand centre, might be supposed to have escaped its influence." And she prepared herself for the work with all the means she could command. She subscribed for and lent the Liberator—purchased and distributed tracts—circulated petitions—solicited donations—in conversation was "instant in season and out of season."

To the observance of this last precept, she attributed much of the ultimate measure of success which crowned her efforts. She ceased to be called "the agreeable, delightful Mrs. James," but she prevailed, out of all that populous town, on a half-dozen obscure individuals to consider the cause of him who had none to help him, and they associated themselves with her to promote it. She has not what she enjoyed three years since the enviable distinction of being "at the head of good society" in her neighborhood,—but the Senators and Representatives of —— county voted against slavery last year in their respective places, and the ministers there, who refuse to speak for the cause, begin to be accounted recreant to that Saviour who came to proclaim liberty to the captive. A hot encounter is going on among a whole roused people, which must end, as all battles for freedom ever do, in being *won*. Persecution, misrepresentation, opposition of the most malignant and unanticipated character, she has met; but she ever joyfully testifies that the principles by which she has striven to win freedom for others, at what the world calls a sacrifice, have been to her a better inheritance of happiness than any thing that the world can give or take away.

Speech of Thomas Clarkson.

At an anti-slavery meeting held in Ipswich, England, September 11th, the venerable Thomas Clarkson presided.

On Mr. Clarkson taking the chair, he spoke as follows, the most solemn silence prevailing:—

My friends,—I have been invited to take the chair on this occasion, but I am utterly unfit for it, on account of old age and infirmities; and I am sorry to say that I cannot remain in it long for the same reason; and yet I do not see how I could refuse the invitation, when I consider that the great question of the abolition of slavery and the slave trade, to which your attention is invited to-night, originated with myself.

Yes, I have labored to this sacred cause, from the beginning, now fifty-six years; and though I am broken down and disabled in the pursuit of it, yet I am not tired of it—(hear hear,) nor dismayed; but I mean, by the blessing of God, to continue my assistance to it feeble as that assistance must now be, so long as I am able.

Perhaps many of you here are unacquainted with the subject of slavery. I will therefore explain it to you as concisely as I can.

First, we imagine a child to be born into the world, of slave parents. Poor, unfortunate child! From that very day of his birth—from that very day he is considered and ranked as a brute! He becomes a *property* from that very day, the property of a man, who may sell him or do what he pleases with him.

Let us now look at him as a grown-up man, at his labor in the fields. He works there, but he is not paid for labor. He works there, but not freely and willingly, as our laborers do. But he is followed by a driver, whose whip, leave the mark of its severity upon his back, perhaps during the remainder of his life; and if he is found to be what is brutally called *obstinate*, there is in store for him yet—what shall I say?—the chain, the dungeon, the iron neck-collar, with its frightful prongs, and other modes of punishment.

We may now view him in another situation. He is weary of his life; he wants to get rid of his oppression, and runs away from the estate; but he is almost sure of being brought back, and returned to an angry and enraged master. And here, who can imagine but those who have lived in slave countries—who can imagine what further punishment he may have? He may die, perhaps, of the wounds or injuries thus inflicted upon him; but the murderer escapes! It is hushed up! Who upon the plantation dares to tell the tale? But suppose—suppose, that by some accident or other, the matter becomes known, and that a jury sit upon the body—still the murderer escapes! For whom do the jury consist of? They consist wholly of slave-owners, all of them interested in favoring one another by their support of arbitrary power. A friend of mine was travelling lately in one of the Carolinas, and near a spot where a jury had been summoned on the death of a slave. The poor man had been flogged to death; in his agonies he called for a little water, and that little water was brought him. The jury immediately availed themselves of this circumstance, and though they saw the body before their eyes, mangled and almost cut to pieces by the whip, their verdict was, that the administration of cold water to him, in the then excited state of his body, was the cause of his death.

What shall we say to these things?

But there is yet another situation in which we may view the slave. Perhaps he has a wife and children. So much the worse! He may be taken out in a moment, and sold into a plantation a hundred miles off, never to see them more. The wife may be severed from her husband and children in that manner; and the children may be severed from their parents, one after the other, or all together, as it suits the purposes of their owners. This is not a case in idea, it is a case of every day's occurrence.

These are some of the evils which you are called upon to endeavor to put an end to this night. I do not question your humanity. I do not question your willingness to assist the distressed at home; but can you overlook the monstrous oppression—the monstrous outrages upon human nature which I have detailed to you? Can you overlook them because they occur in a foreign land? No; Christianity, true and vital Christianity, does not confine her favors to color or to country. (Hear, Hear.) But she feels for all alike who are persecuted, whoever they may be, and wherever they may live. May I hope then, that, as a committee is to be formed sometime or other after this meeting, you will give it your encouragement and support.

The excellent gentleman then sat down, but at the request of R. D. Alexander, Esq., on behalf of the chairman, the meeting refrained from expressing its *viva voce* approbation of a speech to which every heart responded with enthusiasm.

CONCORD: NOVEMBER 27, 1840.

Sanbornton Bridge, Nov. 18, 1840.

To my Editorial Chair,—

I am again under the necessity of speaking *through* you, instead of *from* you, to our beloved readers and friends. I am abroad again as you know, and you are left in solitary widowhood in the *unlocked* apartments of N. H. Anti-Slavery. I think it appropriate that whatever goes into the Herald of Freedom from me, should have your sanction, or at least the warrant of your name; and I therefore address my editorial to you.

I returned from the grand Milford Convention Saturday last, and after a day of laborious repose quit home Monday morning for the anti-slavery field at Canterbury. After enjoying a truly anti-slavery repast at the home of the Foster's in Canterbury hill—a repast, the least ingredient of which was a dinner too generous for an advocate of the famished slave, to indulge in, I went to an afternoon meeting at the meeting house where the Rev. Mr. Patrick professedly preaches the gospel of Him, who came to deliver the helpless bondman of this world from every thraldom that enthralls him. Our meeting had been publicly announced. Its object was well known. It is perfectly in accordance with the religious profession of the churches and people and ministers in Canterbury. We might therefore have expected the multitudes of the town to be on the spot, at the appointed time,—the house warmed and its outer portals thrown wide open. But the house was cold as the heart of its pulpit;—the doors unopened—(the not forcibly shut like those of the Congregational meeting house at Plymouth on a like occasion) and neither churches, ministers, nor any of the people there. Such was the dreary aspect of things. The door of the old Town House was unlocked. I went into it with S. S. Foster. It looked after the recent political struggle there like a deserted battle field. The ghost of party seemed to haunt its dirty walls and seats. It looked like some old pagoda dedicated to the Idol Politics. We stood together and mused there awhile on the *republican* ruins of the temple. Adams Foster meantime went for the key of the meeting house. For my own part I should have preferred staying where we were, the inconsistency of our *political* profession shocking me far less than the hypocrisy of the Christian pretensions of the profession that displays itself at the foot of the steeple. But the key was brought and the house opened, and we entered its hollow, empty, cheerless interior. There stood the tall pulpit, enclosed and elevated far above the *impl'cit* people. There stood the singing gallery, where song, sanctified or unsanctified as might happen, ascends weekly as part and parcel of the services of the sanctuary. Presently our other Foster friends arrived, and a few more, the majority of them we believe "weak women," and we commenced our small meeting upon one of our tremendous anti-slavery resolutions. Brother Harper and brother Clough joined our assembly, and in the course of the afternoon Rev. Mr. Patrick came in.—Why did he not come in at the beginning of the meeting? Perhaps he was necessarily detained, and hurried to join us as soon as he could dispense with the *detaining* occasion. Peradventure however he was *not* detained, but thought he would discountenance the fanatical little gathering and stay away from it—but not feeling conscientiously excused, was constrained to get rid of his unquiet by *going over* and *going in* and sitting as a spectator. At any rate he did come in—and while brother Foster was reasoning, a little after the manner and spirit of Paul before Felix, Mr. Patrick rose, much *agitated* and stood upon his feet, and looked as if he would interpose. He shook a little in nerve, but whether with the timorousness of him, who heard the reasonings of the apostle, we do not undertake to say. He stood and showed much agitation of nerve, and after a while sat down. He might have been insensible of rising. At the close of brother Foster's remarks, which were of a peculiarly bold and serious character, Mr. Patrick took his hat and left the house. A little larger meeting assembled in the evening, and the resolution discussed was this—

"That no man ought to be recognized as a Christian, who is not an active abolitionist."

After considerable discussion, in which brother Harper expressed himself hardly prepared to vote the resolve, it was amended, on motion of David Morrill, junior, by inserting before 'man' the word 'enlightened'—making it that *no enlightened* man ought to be recognized, &c., and adopted by the meeting, a son of Mr. Patrick, and I believe no other, voting in the negative. A most wholesome resolution.—Now let anti abolition professors *"hold their own!"* If the resolve is *not true* they *can hold it!* Something was said in favor of our State plan for the payment of the anti-slavery debt—whether any shares were taken in the meeting I cannot this moment say.

The next day—Tuesday noon, we set off for Sanbornton Bridge—on arrival at the brick meeting house famous for George Storrs' arrest for prayer by Messrs. Atkinson and Tilton, we found the door opened and the little son of our brother Dr. Ladd just entering to kindle a fire "for the abolition meeting" as he said. I was thankful to see signs of a meeting.—By the time appointed a considerable number, for these times, assembled—quite a handfull, of both sexes and all ages, nearly *fifty in all*. Neworganization-Tracy had preceded us, with a charge in his mouth of brother Foster's embezzling the anti-Slavery money of the State—To such shifts is Secession driven, *to show the necessity of a new* anti-slavery *constitution*, for New Hampshire—for a "*New Organization.*" A resolution was discussed asserting the necessity for peculiar self-denial and faith in God, in the abolitionists.—In the evening about double the afternoon number assembled—some of them probably for the purpose of giving the meeting a less serious character than belongs to our enterprise,—Some unknown persons to me—supposed by the friends here—we know not on what evidence, to be young Messrs. —— Blank—of this place—took the precaution to break a few addled eggs upon the seat of the pulpit—thinking, perhaps, the anti-slavery speakers would of course go up there to sit, which, by the way, they had no thought of doing. I do not assert that these young gentlemen had any thing to do with this proslavery preparation of the pulpit-seat,—I do not charge them with it—I do not know them—nobody asserted that they did it—but only that they *supposed* they did. If they *did* do it, they besmeared the pulpit and themselves, (if it be in the power of bad eggs to defile hands like theirs) for nothing. One of the most natural results in the world. The resolve was

That no enlightened man could be a christian who was not an active, outspoken abolitionist.

It was advocated by brothers Pillsbury, Foster and myself, and opposed by Capt. Benjamin Chase, a member as I understand of the Reverend Mr. Corser's church whose remarks caused considerable merriment among a section of the audience. Lamented to see a lack of becoming seriousness in a man of Capt. Chase's religious standing. He made an allusion as I supposed to brother Foster's embezzlement of the anti slavery money, a proof that the Rev. Mr. Tracy's new-organization efforts had not been wholly wasted here. Asa Bean, a working man of Sanbornton made some sensible remarks on the resolution and voted for its adoption. He is not a professed abolitionist.—Dr. Ladd remarked that he felt hardly ready to vote for the resolution—but that he could not say any thing against it—his remarks were candid, sensible and satisfactory. The resolution was adopted without any dissenting vote that I saw. Brother Foster briefly exposed the falsity of Mr. Tracy's accusation—which I presume nobody had believed a word of who had ever known brother F.—The plan for the payment of the debt was proposed—several shares taken and the meeting dispersed.

I would before closing congratulate you and our cause on the fact that there is a goodly number of most faithful abolitionists in Northfield—especially the anti-slavery women—I regret that I have not been able to become personally acquainted with them—truly the worth and integrity of the land is to be found among the hills and remote from the cities and the citified villages. I look there for the moral principle that is to stand by our cause—I am under obligation in behalf of the slave to friends Ladd and Bean and their families for their hospitality during my stay.

One more fact.—The Rev. Mr. Corser, of the showy Congregational meeting-house at the Bridge in Sanbornton, did not show himself at our meeting,—a fact of no importance only as his position enables him to keep away many of the people from their duty to God and the slave. He will answer for the exercise of his power, when he and the slave meet at the judgment.

We are about setting off for the chance of a meeting at the Square. They have a pro-slavery minister there, and a Rum Tavern. It is doubtful if their combined influence do not leave us without one.

With kindest recollections,
Your occupant and servant,
N. P. ROGERS.

We proceed to give, in addition to the above which failed to be sent seasonably for last week's paper, a brief account of the remainder of our short campaign.

P. S. Necessarily deferred to next week.

In Baltimore there is a club of Reformed Drunkards, who meet regularly, to strengthen each other in their Temperance course.

The Temperance army in Ireland is said to number *two million two hundred thousand and twelve.*

STRAFFORD COUNTY CONVENTION.

While New-Organization is prowling about the State, *scantily clad* in *"sheep's clothing"*—and its *open* pro-slavery allies in church and State conspiring to crush our cause,—our friends are redoubling their activity, their efforts and their sacrifices, to bring its claims to bear on the hearts of the people, and to awaken in its behalf whatever Christianity or sympathy remains among us. To this end let not the call to the Somersworth Convention go unheeded by any. Let every abolitionist be there who can get there,—or whose excuse for staying away is not strong enough to have withheld him if his own wife were experiencing the tender mercies of the plantation.

Our cause has advanced to a trying crisis—and it will grow the more trying as it advances. As we advance farther into the enemy's country and hoist higher our free flag—opposition rages the more madly against us and the fearful and the hypocritical cry out and desert us. We witness this in the diminishing subscription list of the Herald of Freedom and in the empty walls pro-slavery presents us as we attempt to hold our anti-slavery meetings among the people. They have done with mobbing. That is no longer an approved mode of treatment.—They have learned that it only increases our determination and zeal, and opens the eyes of the people to the truth of our principles and the justice of our movement. They no longer mob, and they are disinclined for the same reason to shut up meeting houses against us. They receive us to *empty walls*. Taught by *filthy* experience the impotency of rotten eggs they are resorting to a kind of Russian policy against the French in the invasion and march to Moscow—the policy of *evacuation*. They do not set fire to their meeting houses at our approach, as the Russians did to their cities, and run away by the light of them. But they evacuate them and retire sullenly to their abodes and leave us to encounter the hollow space—hollow and void as their own hearts of humanity or pity for the perishing slave.

They can desert their *dedicated* temples. But they cannot retreat from their responsibilities.—They may leave us for a time to plead to empty walls.—But these walls will hear us, and re-echo our burning speech in their ears. They will cry out and the beam shall answer them, and the awful truths we proclaim will disclose themselves in "hand writing on the walls" when they assemble for their formal worship. They may hide themselves in scorn away from our humble meetings.—But they cannot hide themselves away from Him whose poor are crying to Him and *to them* for help in their dire extremity. Adam could not secrete himself among the trees of the garden. The wail of the bondman will disturb their unfeeling repose at night, and haunt them in the mercenary hours of the day. And the Herald of Freedom, should they succeed at last to reduce that to silence—it would still speak.—Its *silence* would be *heard!* "Being dead it would yet speak," and the land would hear it, if it were deafer than the deaf adder.

The women of Strafford will hold a Fair at Somersworth, in aid of our cause. Will the anti-slavery women of the State remember them with their contributions.—Will the anti-slavery brethren remember them. Would it not be well that abolitionists of every class bring together their offerings of such things as God shall have blessed them with.—Useful and necessary articles—not articles of vanity or show—anti-slavery is matter of *necessity* and of *use*, and may there not be a Fair of correspondent character?—Then abolitionists can afford to buy—for the articles will be *necessaries*. Let us, my friends, restrict ouselves to necessaries—it is not becoming an abolitionists to indulge in superfluities, while their poor brethren have to go without their *liberty*. Abstaining from all but necessaries will save us the *necessary* means of carrying on the cause.—Especially let anti-slavery Fairs have the dignity and plainness and usefulness that distinguishes their enterprise.—Bunker Hill monuments may be built by "vanity Fairs."—But let vanity have no hand in the abolition of slavery. The wholesome and sustaining fruits of the earth,—all that constitutes raiment or food,—all that will *do any body good to buy* and to *consume*—let it be brought to the Fair.—These are our hints,—If they are of any importance, *we offer them*. What is useful however every one must be their own judge.—At any rate let not useful articles be wanting, and let not anti-slavery purchasers be lacking.

Friends, we can say no more.—The cause and the occasion are before you.—There will be few occasions more for our action, before we shall give place to the generation that is coming after us, and retire to contemplate forever the deeds we have done in the body, whether they be good or evil.—The slave has no hope on earth but in us, his feeble friends.

Strafford anti-slavery "expects every man to do his duty." And every Woman.

☞ Agreeably to the request of our Somersworth friends, we shall issue a larger edition of the Herald this week than usual in order to give an extensive circulation to the Call for a Strafford County meeting; will the brethren in that County who may receive bundles of this paper, see that they are scattered.

The people in Georgia decided at their recent election, that the Legislature of that State shall in future, meet but once in two years.

Strafford County Anti-Slavery Convention.

The Abolitionists of this County are requested to meet in Convention at Somersworth, on the SEVENTEENTH of DECEMBER coming, for the purpose of forming a County Anti-Slavery Society, auxiliary to the New-Hampshire Anti-Slavery Society, and of taking such other measures as shall be deemed useful in furtherance of the Anti-Slavery Cause in this State. We earnestly invite the friends of our great enterprise from the other Counties to meet with us on that occasion, and the friends of Humanity wherever they may dwell, to whose knowledge our call may come. Let us meet in the name of God, whose children are imbruted and whose name is dishonored by the horrid system of Slavery. It is time for renewed and increased effort in this Cause. We are slow in coming to the rescue of our perishing brother. While we linger, he suffers and perishes. Let this hasten our movement, and let us remember too, that human life is brief, and what we do *must be done quickly.*

November, 1840.

Somersworth.

Job Harris	Thomas W. Stackpole
Oliver H. Lord	John Hubbard
Jeremy H. Titcomb	Charles T. Parsons
T. B. Moses	Richard H. Parks
John A. Smilie	Geo. W. S. Rogers
John M'Crillis	Moses Bates
Benjamin Breed	John B. Wood
Charles Dore	Daniel Wood
Albert C. Manson	Joseph Plumer
John Hora	Joseph Hobbs
W. Smith	Huntriss Rross
Almira C. Doughty	Lewis Dearborn
Hannah Horn	William Marwell
Joann Moody	James Morrison
Joanna W. Titcomb	Samuel Chadbourn
Mary W. Titcomb	Joseph Prior
Olive S. Bean	John C. Hill
Ann M. Abbott	Sophronia Hill
Joshua A. Lunt	Eld. Silas Curtis
Jarusha T. Lunt	Patience G. Curtis
William Hill	Susan F. Lawrey
Abigail Hill	Sarah Varney
Adeline Woods	Mary A. M'Crillis
Levina Breed	Elmira Appleton
Mary Moses	Caroline Libbey
Lydia Stackpole	William Hanson
Sally Emery	Duelley Wiggin
Mary B. Moses	M. C. Walker
Lydia A. Huntres	John B. Clark
Josiah H. Colcord	Abbey C. Walker
Luke Wentworth	James S. Huntress
Joseph Stackpole	Eliza Huntress
Nath. Varney	George S. Huntress.

Rochester.

Isaac Worster	William H. Gledhill
A. S. Howard	Isaac W. Springfield
Nathaniel Herrick	Moses C. Doe
Mark Worster	Benj. Jelerson
Daniel Lothrop	Brewster Hayes
Wm. Twichell	Daniel C. Gordon
Wm. C. Fernald	Dana Carley
Benjamin J. Horn	James McDuffee
James Warren	Asa Y. Goodwin
Wm. Chase	Solomon Evans
John Hall	Simon Chase
David I. Sanborn	Moses Page
Henry Savory	Julia Worster.
Thomas Fall	

Sandwich.

Eli Cooke	John Moulton
John Gove	Ezra Quimby
Levi Varney	Charles Quimby
Johnson D. Quimby	Albert Quimby
Geo. W. Quimby	Josiah Cooke
James Hoag	Samuel Vittum
Russel Hoag	John Severance.

Effingham.

Josiah Dearborn	Robert Clark
Belinda K. Dearborn	Mary Clark
Mary F. Dearborn	Asahel W. Clark
Joseph Burrows	Mary Clark
George Lord	Maria I. Clark
Isaac Lord	Betsy Leavitt
James W. Leavitt	Jonathan Leavitt
Sophiah P. Leavitt	David W. Clark
Polly W. Marston	John S. Lamper, jr.
Mary A. Leavitt	Mary Lamper
Abram F. Marston	Betsy Lamper
John L. Marston	Daniel S. Andrews
Mary L. Marston	Henry Snow
Betsy W. Lord	Isaac Hobbs
Elizabeth Burrows	Samuel. W. Lord
Ebenezer Bisbee	F. W. White
Ann M. Bisbee	Sarah F. S. Lord
John Andrews	Charles F. Thrasher
John S. Dearborn	Sally Buzzell.
Emeline M. Dearborn	

Tamworth.

P. G. Mason	John Mason
J. D. Ballard	Thomas Stevenson
J. D. Ballard, jr.	Samuel Folsom
W. W. W. Ballard	Rishworth Dorman
N. J. Sanborn	Wm. A. Sargent
Joel Sargent	Joseph Weeks
Eben. Wilkinson	Dearborn Doe
Cyrus Bradbury	James Blaisdel
Amos Webster	Israel Gilman
Joseph Frost	Thomas Dads.

Ossipee.

I. A. Gilman	Jacob Hobbs.
Ezra Gilman	

Bartlett.

Abner Moulton	Fredrick Moulton.

Middleton.

Jeremiah S. Colbath	Daniel Wingate
Benjamin P. Chesley	Samuel Davis jr.
Alvan V. Chesley	Betsey Colbath
Samuel Colbath	Lydia M. Webster
Daniel Hayes	Betsy M. Davis
Edmund T. Davis	Caroline Pinkham.
George D. Savage	

Gilford.

John Haseltine, jr.	Jonathan T. Weeks
Isaac Cole, jr.	John Hackett
Geo. W. Bean	S. K. Baldwin.

Meredith Bridge.

Jesse Dolloff, Henry Weeks
Edward Baron, Nahum Brooks
W. T. Wilson, John Wardwell.
Hugh Wilson

Gilmanton.

Reuben Rundlett.

Dover.

Enoch Mack.

☞ It will be seen that there are no signers from a number of towns in the county, will some friend in each of these towns take a paper, and passing from house to house, obtain the names of all friendly to the Call, and forward them to Concord, directed "Herald of Freedom," by next Tuesday evening; so that they may appear in the Herald of next week.

November, 26.

Below is a letter to brother Lewis in answer to his circular. It breathes a true spirit. The writer says he shall join the Society provided it be based on the principles of *Old Organization*. Let us tell our friends that there is no other *basis*. A Society not founded on these principles is *baseless*, and will go down—It is founded in the sand. The people will eventually find this out. Till they do, they must take the consequences of their mistake. They may be cheated for a time, but New Organization *will at length* develope itself. It is a wolf in sheep's clothing—and the people will by and by discover that *its fleece is put on*, and that carniverous tusks lie in its mouth, and the claws of a beast of prey lurk beneath its apparently harmless hoofs—these hoofs are *paws*, and they will turn out so.

Middleton, Oct. 18, 1840.

My Dear Sir,—I received yours yesterday, and am much gratified to learn that a Strafford County Anti-Slavery Society is in contemplation. I hail its formation as a bright omen to the poor, bleeding, and down-trodden slave, who we believe is, in many instances, hurried to a premature grave by the lash of the white, inhuman, soul-driving freeman!! and Christian? clothed perhaps in the habiliment of the meek Moses, and acting, as he affirms, under the sanction of the Bible!

Ah! Sir, my soul shudders at the idea of a slaveholding *Christian*. But I look upon the slaveholding *Minister* of the gospel with paralysing horror, and avoid him as I would the midnight assassin, for his words are a pestilence, and his precepts firebrands and death. I joyfully sign the call for the Convention, which I shall certainly attend, if I can without serious inconvenience. If however, circumstances should prevent my attendance, you will confer a favor by causing my name to be registered as a member of the contemplated *Society*, provided said Society be based upon the principles of *Old Organization*.

You will perceive sir, that this Call is *signed by* four females—noble hearts of philanthropy,—leaders in every noble cause.

May heaven grant you success in the noble cause of justice and philanthropy.

Yours for the oppressed slave,
JEREMIAH S. COLBATH.

REV. J. W. LEWIS.

An Appeal to the GIVING Abolitionists of New Hampshire.

Beloved Brethren and Sisters:

The injustice of Slavery, is one of its most guilty concomitants. The cry of the laborers who have reaped down the fields, and *whose wages are kept back* by fraud, enters into the ear of the Lord of Sabbaoth. We weep over the slave who is daily driven as the ox to the fields, while no hope of reward lightens his toil. We ought to weep over him. His only motives to labor, are whips and thumb-screws, and all the hellish enginery of torture and death, that look down upon him with ghastly glare, from every tower and wall of the plantation. Ourselves know full well, that with all the inducements to efforts that are derived from a sure prospect of a full reward, even then, labor is too often reluctantly performed. The human constitution, as well as justice and the word of God, declares "the laborer is worthy of his hire." Recognizing this principle, abolitionists demand the immediate and utter overthrow of slavery. They cannot therefore in accordance with their own principles, the very principles they labor to inculcate, suffer any in their own employ, to be forgotten in relation to the rewards due to their toil. They will not. They need but to be told their duty, and it is done.

The Executive Committee appeal to them therefore with the fullest confidence, on the subject of the outstanding debts of the society. A plan has been devised for their speedy liquidation, which it is believed will meet the views of every true friend of the cause throughout the state. It can be best unfolded, by giving entire a copy of the instrument that contains it, and which is already in successful circulation among the abolitionists. It is as follows:—

We the undersigned approve and recommend to the abolitionists of the state, the following plan to raise two thousand dollars for the purpose of discharging the outstanding debts of the New-Hampshire Anti-Slavery Society.

Viz: The whole sum shall be divided into shares of five dollars each, amounting in all to four hundred. Any individual may take one share, or more, according to his or her liberality and ability; or two persons may unite and take one share.

No payment shall be required until the shares are all taken up; which must be done previous to the first day of May 1841, or the subscriptions become null and void.

Payment on the several shares may be made to Amos Wood, Concord, Treasurer of the Society, at any time previous to the first day of June next. The money thus raised *shall be sacredly applied* under the direction of the Board of Managers to the payment of the existing debts of the Society, and *to no other purpose*. We also agree to take the number of shares set to our respective names.

As yet, but very little has been done to carry this plan into effect. The success of the little effort that has been made, affords the fullest assurance that the plan will succeed. The accompanying list of names and the shares taken, shows the zeal of our friends in the good work. In no town has the work of obtaining subscribers yet been finished, and some of the most liberal, of those already received have determined to double their shares, if it be necessary.

Names.	Residence.	No. Shares.
Wm. Chamberlain,	Boscawen,	1
Simeon Terry,	do.	1
Wm. Temple,	do.	1
Thomas Coffin,	do.	1
Benjamin Kimball,	do.	1
Enoch Kilburn,	do.	1
Frederick Coffin,	do.	1
Enoch Coffin,	do.	
Moody A. Pillsbury,	do.	1
Eliphalet Kilburn,	do.	1
Moody Kilburn,	do.	
Henry Atkinson,	do.	1
Franklin P. Atkinson,	do.	
Luke Corser,	do.	1
*	do.	
Joseph Stone,	Salisbury,	1
	do.	
A. M. Chase,	Bradford,	1
W. Tappan,	do.	1
M. R. Buswell,	do.	1
Freeman Brockway,	do.	1
John Brown,	do.	1
David Moody,	Sutton,	1
J. M. Harper,	Canterbury,	2
Adams Foster,	do.	1
David Morrill, jr.	do.	1
Jeremiah Clough,	do.	1
Jeremiah F. Clough,	do.	1
Wm. H. Foster,	do.	1
John Kezer,	do.	1
† Joshua Emery,	Loudon,	2
† John C. Emety,		
† Wm. Emery,		
Moses Rowell,	do.	1
† John Brown,		
T. Brown,	do.	1
† T. T. Dickerman,	do.	1
Albe Cady,	Concord,	10
Amos Wood,	do.	2
Elbridge G. Chase,	do.	5
Moses Chamberlain,	do.	2
Benj. Damon,	do.	1
George Porter,	do.	1
Nathan Farley,	do.	1
N. P. Rogers,	do.	5
Jona. Curtis,	Pittsfield,	1
James M'Crillis,	do.	1
Wm. Berry,	do.	1
Enoch Watson,	do.	1
John Johnson,	do.	1
Daniel P. Cilley,	do.	1
Fredric Sanborn,	Epsom,	1
William Tarlton,	do.	1
	do.	
Dudley Ladd,	Franklin,	1
K. O. Peabody,	do.	1
Jesse Merrill,	do.	2
Jonathan Clough,	Northfield,	1
	do.	
Wm. Gilman,	do.	1
Wesley Knowles,	do.	1
Andrew French,	do.	1

† Including his pledge made to the Society in June last.

* The blanks it is hoped and expected will be filled by persons in the respective towns who have not yet taken shares.

The foregoing list it will be perceived, embraces some who have been prominent in the late movements that have resulted in a new State Anti-Slavery organization. This is as it should be. The debt is as much theirs, as ours, having been contracted when the organization was *one*. And as the money thus collected, is to be sacredly applied to the specified object, no one who is truly honest, can object to bearing a part according to the ability given, in removing the burden.

It should also be borne in mind that the subscriptions are null and void, unless all completed by the first day of may next. So that if the money shall be called for, it will be an assurance that the work is done, and the debt of course, paid.

Another consideration of some weight is, that what has been done is lost, unless all the shares are taken up. Our friends will see to it, that what is already accomplished is not labor spent in vain. They must expect the claims of this debt will be constantly pursuing them, year after year, till they are met.

In a word, *the cause* demands that the Society be immediately delivered from the embarrassment which it must labor under, so long as its debts remain unpaid. We have now at least four faithful agents, ready to spend and be spent in the work. Our enterprise in this State, is assuming a new and sublime aspect. The powers or darkness are now marshaling all their forces against us. Gog and Mogog are gathering themselves to the battle. We have begun to speak to political and "spiritual wickedness in high places" as well as low, in tones of terrible rebuke. Tyranny trembles on its bloody throne. It has seen the hand writing of its doom on the walls of its time-worn palace, in characters not to be misinterpreted or misunderstood. But for once let our little phalanx be unshackled in its movements, and its dire attacks shall be irresistible. Our numbers are indeed small, but what are numbers in a moral conflict? Armed as we are with the omnipotence of truth, "one shall chase a thousand and two put ten thousand to flight." The victory is to be ours. Rather it is to be the Lord's, ourselves his willing instruments. It ought to have been won before. It *might* have been. Wo to us, if it be much longer stayed. Shame to the anti-slavery of New-Hampshire, if it will allow one single effort to be withheld or paralized, for considerations so mean and trifling as those which now weaken its movements. Already it has acquired a name and an honor, which may be immortal. Stern and invincible it has stood in this Thermopylæ of the mighty contest. Victory already hovers over its standard. A few struggles more, and the very heavens shall be rent with shouts, that Babylon is *fallen*, FALLEN, FALLEN,—and the Morning Stars and the Sons of God and the Slaves shall sing together—

"Jehovah has triumphed, his people are free."

In behalf of the Executive Committee,
PARKER PILLSBURY.

Concord, Nov. 24th, 1840.

For the Herald of Freedom.

A Visit to the Prison.

Mr. Editor,—I have just returned from a visit to your State Prison. *Eighty-three of our fellows*, I saw there, shut and barred up from the world—subjected to the dreariest servitude.—There they are, hemmed in with walls, they cannot scale—and locked with bolts, they cannot break!—Each one bowed down to his unwelcome task, without the pleasures of praise, or hopes of reward. When the light of day shines in upon those dismal workshops, the vigilance of their keepers is over them,—when night comes, iron doors, and grated windows are their protectors. The world may go on rejoicing, but not *they* with it.—It may pass gilly on from one bright day to another, enjoying new pleasures, and transported with new delights, variegated with new and ever-changing scenes—But the unfortunate *convict!*—who thinks of, cares for, or pities him?—Who casts a thought to him, with his scanty meal—or when called to his task—or locked in his cell.—And when the church-going-bell tolls us to the Temple of worship, decorated with the embellishments of wealth, and fashion, and comfort,—who of all those *happy groups* that hasten away, turns his head to the cold *prison-house?* or asks in his heart, of the future hopes—and dwelling, of its erring inmates there? Hardly do we learn to sympathise with the unfortunate. And justly did the Ayrshire Bard feel, when he said—

"Man's inhumanity to man,
Makes countless thousands mourn"!

The gaity and bustle of the world, transport and allure us—But let one go in to the home of the convict, and he will stop and reflect. He *cannot* look *indifferently* upon the scene before him.—No man, with a heart beating in his bosom, can see those *massy gates* close after him—and hear those *clumsy bolts and bars* rattle upon his ear, and not shudder—and feel uneasy even for his own safety, lest he be not permitted to get out again, to his liberty. He cannot linger about those rocky cells, and winding compartments, and not lament at the depravity of his race, and drop a tear of pity, on the misfortunes of those who occupy them!

As I watched them all busily working—and the overseers among them, it occurred to me, that some *such* must be the condition of the *slave* at the South—only *much worse*.—His bondage is more *dreary* and *hopeless!* What, nearly *three millions*, subjected by law to a condition more doleful than that of a criminal whom the law has condemned to a State-Prison! This is a thrilling thought, surely, but it is certainly true. The *slave*, however sober and industrious he may be, has not a gleam of hope. The *convict* has—he *may* be pardoned—and restored to Liberty and happiness. He may, too, escape the *lash*. His keepers are humane and reasonable. Not so with the southern slave. He is oftentimes beaten, at the will and caprice of his unprincipled, or it may be, drunken driver, without provocation—and driven about, and cruelly lacerated, as though he were *not human*, and had *no God*. Again, as Christians *should do* they afford to the criminal, the opportunity of worshiping his Maker. He "rests on the Sabbath day." He is pointed the way to heaven—and to "the Lamb of God, that taketh away the sins of the world." Not so with the slave;—to *him* the Gospel is *not* preached!—for him no prayers ascend. And for him there is no chapel—no sanctuary—no Temple.—To him, the present—past—future, are made alike *dark*. Day upon day may dawn, and pass away—his chains are not loosed—nor are his "bonds broken"!—Dreams of Liberty may, indeed, sweeten the slumbers of his broken repose, but he must awake only to lament that, to him, its blessings must be *ever* dreamed of, but *never* enjoyed!—Slavery! When will the people of this Republic see it as it should be seen. How long will the great men of our land talk of "*public* liberty"—"Democracy," and the like—and at the same time countenance this infamous, "corrupted and corrupting" system, in the very midst of us!—What a damning commentary is, upon their political honesty and moral integrity, that, while they affect *sadness*, lest our free institutions, somehow be harmed—they are continually upholding the country in selling and buying men and women and children among us; and increasing every day,—the number of *slaves* already embracing *one sixth part* of our whole population! But a day of retribution *will* come. *God will not always bear with the wicked!*

Your obedient servant,
ANTONIO.

Concord, Nov 21, 1840.

We admit Antonio's communication, although at the hazard of being thought "extraneous."—We like the idea of sympathy for our poor brethren in the State-Prison. Community *abroad* always is too *virtuous* and too *high minded* to sympathize with any who are so unfortunate as to be *shut up*. It can send them a missionary, after it has prosecuted them into those dismal cells, out of the free air and the light of the sun. How consistent this is with the gospel of *forgiveness*, which the missionary is sent in there to preach, we leave the reader to say. He tells the convict to love his enemies—to forgive them, &c., might not the convict ask why then the community could not forgive him, and not shut him up there for tedious years and render him, by reason of the infamy of his punishment, forever incapable of regaining a stand in the human family?

A CARD.

Brother Rogers,—I wish in connexion with brother Lewis, to acknowledge the receipt of a truly valuable present of garden vegetables, fruits, &c., from our generous and true hearted friend, Enoch N. Colburn of Hebron. May his reward be in heaven. P. PILLSBURY.

We copy below an article from the Friend of Man at the request of the Editor. Bro. Goodell will excuse us for not publishing it earlier, when we tell him we have been absent almost a month, much of the time in anti-slavery field service. Our friends at the Standard office will see that brother G. has no cause of complaint farther, if he has had hitherto. We have not leisure at this moment to look into it.

The National Anti-Slavery Standard.—Singular Charge.

In the Herald of Freedom for October 16th, we find an article headed "The Friend of Man," and copied from the National Anti-Slavery Standard, which, from some cause, did not reach us, in the columns of that paper, which comes to us very irregularly.—In this article the Standard charges us with having published, in our paper of Aug. 26, a garbled and unfair extract from the Standard of July 24, and goes on to quote from us, and to complain that the italicising, and capitalizing, and punctuation is all William Goodell's and that it does injustice to the Standard.

By referring to our paper of Aug. 26, we find that *before* making our comments, in which single phrases and sentences were quoted in italics and capitals, from the Standard, we copied *the whole paragraph under review, entire*, from the Standard, WITHOUT any of the italicising and capitalizing of which the Standard complains. We can not discover any error in it, nor see wherein the punctuation is incorrect. We have found the number of the Standard, (July 24,) and perceive that the paragraph in question is cut out of it, for copy, as we remember to have done, so that if there is any error, it is the fault of the printer. We have searched for the copy but can not find it.—If the Standard can tell us WHEREIN the quotation is incorrect, we will correct it. We will be thankful to the editor of the Standard, or any one else, for a copy of that paper of July 24 to compare with our quotation.

The Standard complains, too, that we substituted the word *original* for *natural*, in a note which we added, at the bottom. We find, on examination, that we did so, only by making a quotation from *another* article in the Standard, in which that paper had made a denial of a charge in the Emancipator.

☞ Will the Standard and the Herald of Freedom copy this article? And will the Standard show *wherein* our original quotation was incorrect?

As for the capitalizing and italicising in our own comments, including occasional quotations of expressions from the Standard, we should like to be told what there is incorrect in such a course.

Opelousas, Oct. 24.—*Insurrection Prevented.*—We learn by a gentleman just from the parish of St. Martin, that a plot has been discovered among slaves of that parish for an insurrection. Ten have been arrested on the information of a negro woman, wife of one of the leaders. The chief, on being apprehended, hung himself with his handkerchief. It is said that two white men are concerned with them, and were to have furnished them with arms, at a place in the rear of St. Martinsville, called the Big Woods. Those who have been arrested are to be tried in a few days, when it is hoped further information will be elicited, calculated to lead to the detection of the inhuman whites who are said to be at the head of this infernal plot.—*Natchez Gazette.*

Slaver captured, and great loss of life.—We learn from the Cape of Good Hope Shiping list, of Aug. 11th, that her B. M. Ship Lily, which arrived in Simon's bay on the 6th ult., while cruising in the Mozambique Channel, fell in with a slaver, and drove her on shore. Of her cargo, consisting of 550 negroes, 200 were drowned, and the remaining 350 taken on board the Lily, and brought to Mauritius, put on shore and left there under quarantine.

ANTI-SLVERY SLEIGH WANTED!

Any person wishing to aid the cause of Anti-Slavery, may do an essential service by the donation of a Sleigh, for the use of The Society's Agents. P. PILLSBURY, *Gen. Agt.*

N. B. Send word to N. P. Rogers, as soon as convenient.

The Warfare.

Brothers Pillsbury and Foster will hold anti-slavery meetings as follows:—

At Deerfield, Friday P. M. and eve.	Nov.	27.
Lee, Sat. eve. and Sabbath,	"	28 29.
New Market, Mond. eve. and Tues. P. M. and eve. Nov. 30 and	Dec.	1.
Exeter Wed. eve. and Thursday P. M. and eve,	"	2 3.
Stratham, Friday P. M. and eve.	"	4.
Greenland, Sat. P. M. and eve.	"	5.
Portsmouth, Sabbath, and Monday P. M. and eve.	"	6 7.
Rye, Tuesday P. M. and eve.	"	8.
North Hampton, Wed. P. M. & eve.	"	9.
Hampton, Thurs. P. M. and eve.	"	10.
Hampton Falls, Frid. P. M. and eve.	"	11.
Durham, Sat. eve. and Sabbath,	"	12 13.
Dover, Monday P. M. and eve.	"	14.
Rochester, Tues. eve., and Wednesday P. M. and eve.	"	15 16.

Brothers J. R. French and J. B. Chandler, will hold meetings as follows:—

Meredith Village, Friday evening,	Nov.	27.
Sandwich, Sabbath,	"	29.
Tamworth, Monday evening,	"	30.
Eaton, Tuesday evening,	Dec.	1.
Ossipee, Wednesday evening,	"	2.
Effingham, Thurs. P. M. and eve.	"	3.
Wolfeborough, Friday evening,	"	4.
Meredith Bridge, Saturday evening,	"	5.
Gilford Village, Sabbath,	"	6.

Brother Lewis will visit, as far as may be, the remaining towns of Strafford County, during the month of December.

It is hoped and confidently expected that our friends in these places will make the necessary arrangements for the meetings. The importance of promptness, of efficiency in these things, can not be too deeply felt.

WEEKLY LIST OF REMITTANCES.

A. Burnon, P. Kimball, Ephraim Carter, P. Cushing, Wm. P. Drew, Wm. Wilbur, Mrs. M. Osborne, Mary Brown, Moody Emery, Willis Johnson, A. French, D. Sanborn, Samuel U. Dearborn, Dea. A. Chase, M. Batchelder, Leonard Chase, Robert Knights, Ebenezer T. Dunklee, Abel Spaulding, Charles A. Burns, Martin W. Hall, Daniel Burns, Mary Abbot, Zebediah B. Abbot, John Pierpont, Charles D. Merriam, $1.50 each.

Zeno Hunter, $3.50.——Isaac Abbott, $3.45.

Joseph Newall, Geo. W. Nesmith, $3.00 each.

Tenney & French, Peter Burns, jr., Joel Barker, $2.00 each.

Joshua Woodward, Joseph Morrill, $1.17 each.

Charles C. Frost, Samuel Hayden, $1.00 each.

J. W. Pillsbury, .75——A. F. Davis, .30.

HYMENEAL.

Married, in this town on the 18th inst. by Rev. Mr. Boston, Capt. FRANKLIN EVANS, to Miss SARAH E. DAVIS, daughter of Gen. Robert Davis, all of Concord. Also by the same, Rev. Jubilee Wellman, of Westminster, Vt. to Miss Hannah B. Kelley, daughter of Abner B. Kelley, Esq., of this town.

In this village, on Monday last, by W. W. Hatch, Mr. Nathaniel C. Abbott to Miss Julia H. Fellows, both of this town.

WM. B. HOIT,
PORTRAIT PAINTER.
Rooms over the Concord Bank.

CLOTHS! CLOTHS!!
AND TAILORING, AT
ESTABROOK'S.

AS above, at the GREAT S may be found the most extensive lot of WOOLENS in this Market—Consisting of the different *Styles* and qualities. Large arrivals of CLOTHS this week from *last Importations*. They will be disposed of at BARGAINS; and made into Garments—if desired, in such shape as to satisfy—or no pay will be required.

Sign, Great S.

A RICH NEW YEAR'S PRESENT.
YOUTH'S CABINET,
For Families and Sunday Schools, weekly, at $1 per year in advance.

THE Fourth Volume of this well known and highly approved Juvenile paper commences the first week in January, 1841, edited by N. SOUTHARD. It is published at New-York and Boston, and sent, *free of postage* to any town in New-Hampshire *in which there are 20 paying subscribers*. It is made up of choice Narratives original and select, pleasing Moral and Religious, Literary and Scientific Instruction, a variety of Useful Information, Juvenile Poetry, Anecdotes, &c. all designed to promote the best good of the young. It inculcates impartial Benevolence, Temperance, and all other Christian Virtues.

It is neatly printed on half a royal sheet, and each number contains one or more handsome engravings. It has been highly commended by one hundred editors and many parents and teachers, in notices and letters like the following:

[From a Mother in Springfield, Mass.]

"My little girl is delighted with the Cabinet. She can scarcely wait for the week to come round; and when the little welcome messenger arrives, her work or play is laid aside, to have a feast, as she calls it with the welcome guest. She is willing to make any sacrifice rather than give up her paper."

[From a Clergyman in Central New-York.]

"My little daughter 8 years old, is very much delighted with your paper; and indeed, I read it myself with great interest."

"It is conducted by a most excellent man and a Christian who possesses the head and heart, to render his paper a welcome and salutary visitor in the families of the pious and benevolent.—*Christian Herald.*

"We have never known a paper in which children appeared to take so deep an interest.—*Waldo (Me.) Gazette.*

AGENTS FOR NEW-HAMPSHIRE.
E. G. CHASE, Low's Block, CONCORD,
JAMES H. MARSHALL, Dodgeville, Nashua,
ANSON SOUTHARD, Lyme.

Concord, October, 1840.

☞ Persons who subscribe any time between now and the first of January next, can have the Cabinet until the close of the year 1841 for *one dollar*.

Orders may be sent by mail or otherwise directed to E. G. CHASE, Concord, N. H.

ANTI-SLAVERY ALMANACS FOR 1841.—For sale at the Anti-Slavery Rooms.

ANTI-SLAVERY LETTER PAPER, for sale at this office.

POETRY.

Our Countrymen in Chains.

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

"The despotism which our fathers could not bear in their native country *is* expiring, and the sword of justice in her reformed hands has applied its exterminating edge to slavery. Shall the United States—the Free United States, which could not bear the bonds of a king, cradle the bondage which a king is abolishing? Shall a Republic be less free than a Monarchy? Shall we, in the vigor and buoyancy of our manhood, be less energetic in righteousness, than a kingdom in its age?"—*Dr. Follen's Address.*

"Genius of America! Spirit of our free institutions—where art thou? How art thou fallen, oh Lucifer! son of the morning—how art thou fallen from Heaven! Hell from beneath is moved for thee, to meet thee at thy coming!—The kings of the earth cry out to thee, Aha! Aha!—art thou become like unto us?"—*Speech of Rev. S. J. May.*

Our fellow countrymen in chains!
Slaves—in a land of light and law!—
Slaves—crouching on the very plains
Where rolled the storm of Freedom's war!
A groan from Eutaw's haunted wood—
A wail where Camden's martyrs fell—
By every shrine of patriot blood,
From Moultrie's wall and Jasper's well!

By storied hill and hallowed grot,
By mossy wood and marshy glen,
Whence rang of old the rifle shot,
And hurrying shout of Marion's men!—
The groan of breaking hearts is there—
The falling lash—the fetter's clank!—
Slaves—SLAVES are breathing in that air
Which old De Kalb and Sumpter drank!

What, ho!—*our* countrymen in chains!—
The whip on woman's shrinking flesh!
Our soil yet reddening with the stains,
Caught from her scourging, warm and fresh!
What! mothers from their children riven!—
What! God's own image bought and sold!
Americans to market driven,
And bartered as the brute for gold!

Speak!—shall their agony of prayer
Come thrilling to our hearts in vain!
To us—whose fathers scorned to bear
The paltry menace of a chain;—
To us whose boast is loud and long
Of holy liberty and light—
Say, shall these writhing slaves of Wrong
Plead vainly for their plundered *Right*!

What!—shall we send, with lavish breath,
Our sympathies across the wave,
Where manhood on the field of death
Strikes for his freedom, or a grave!—
Shall prayers go up—and hymns be sung
For Greece, the Moslem fetter spurning—
And millions hail with pen and tongue
Our light on all her altars burning!

Shall Belgium feel, and gallant France,
By Vendome's pile and Schoenbrun's wall,
And Poland, gasping on her lance,
The impulse of our cheering call?
And shall the slave, beneath our eye,
Clank o'er *our* fields his hateful chain?
And toss his fettered arm on high,
And groan for freedom's gift, in vain!

Oh say, shall Prussia's banner be
A refuge for the stricken slave:—
And shall the Russian serf go free
By Baikal's lake and Neva's wave:—
And shall the wintry-bosomed Dane
Relax the iron hand of pride,
And bid his bondmen cast the chain
From fettered soul and limb, aside!

Shall every flap of England's flag
Proclaim that all around are free,
From 'farthest Ind' to each blue crag
That beetles o'er the Western Sea!
And shall we scoff at Europe's kings,
When Freedom's fire is dim with us,
And round our country's altar clings
The damning shade of Slavery's curse?

Go—let us ask of Constantine
To loose his grasp on Poland's throat—
And beg the lord of Mahmoud's line
To spare the struggling Suliote.
Will not the scorching answer come
From turbaned Turk, and fiery Russ—
'Go, loose your fettered slaves at home,
Then turn and ask the like of us!'

Just God! and shall we calmly rest,
The christian's scorn—the heathen's mirth—
Content to live the lingering jest
And by-word of a mocking earth?
Shall our own glorious land retain
That curse which Europe scorns to bear?
Shall our own brethren drag the chain
Which not even Russia's menials wear?

Up, then, in Freedom's manly part,
From gray-beard old to fiery youth,
And on the nation's naked heart
Scatter the living coals of Truth.
Up—while ye slumber, deeper yet
The shadow of our fame is growing—
Up—While ye pause, our sun may set
In blood, around our altars flowing!

Oh rouse ye—ere the storm comes forth—
The gathering wrath of God and man—
Like that which wasted Egypt's earth,
When hail and fire above it ran.
Hear ye no warnings in the air?
Feel ye no earthquake underneath?
Up—up—why will ye slumber where
The sleeper only wakes in death?

Up now for freedom!—not in strife
Like that your sterner fathers saw;
The awful waste of human life—
The glory and the guilt of war:
But break the chain—the yoke remove
And smile to earth oppression's rod,
With those mild arms of Truth and Love,
Made mighty through the living God!

Prone let the shrine of Moloch sink,
And leave no traces where it stood
Nor longer let its idol drink
His daily cup of human blood:
But rear another altar there,
To truth and love and mercy given,
And Freedom's gift and Freedom's prayer
Shall call an answer down from Heaven!

TEMPERANCE.

Letter from the Alms-house.--No. II.

In this epistle I shall relate some of the incidents that transpired during the few days that I spent in the rum-holes of this place. Though I do not remember to have seen rum, or gin, or brandy on any sign in your town, the forty drunkard-making shops have an abundance of these articles, and as I know, for I have seen them sell them freely. As I entered the place, just intoxicated enough to be limber-tongued, I met a man in a similar condition, and having a fellow feeling we soon got well acquainted. I asked him where I could get some rum. "O, almost anywhere," said he. "There's a shop (pointing across the way,) kept by Mr. James, one of the best men that ever was." "But how do you know that he sells it? There's no sign out with rum on it; there's *Molasses, Beef, Pork, Meal, Candles*, but no *Rum*." Says he, "don't you see *Ale* there? That means such things now-a-days. These cold-water folks have made such a rumpus, they don't put *Rum, Gin, Brandy*, and so on, up and down their shutters as they used to—So, friend, when you find *Ale* outside, you can generally find Rum inside, and perhaps no Ale. Why the best row I ever had was in a shop with "New York Porter House" on the sign—there was every thing there but Porter. There's another thing, too; if you ever see Oysters, or Confectionary, or Refreshments on a shop, there's a pretty good chance of finding the ardent there." "A little ashamed of their business, after all.—Does Mr. James sell under the authority of the State of Connecticut?" "O yes; he's got a licence. It's a legal business. Our legislature and civil authority have no priestcraft. They believe in a man's taking a little once in a while." "And some of them love it themselves," said I, "and some of them so love the dear people that love it, that they are careful not to meddle with the divine right of getting drunk, or the divine right of making others drunk." "You are a curious fellow—sort of a drunken cold-water man, I guess." "I guess I am," said I and went into the shop. Every thing looked very decent, and I could'nt see any thing like a rum cask. I saw, however, a man drinking in the back part of the shop, and as he went out he put some money on the counter, without saying a word. I asked Mr. James if he sold rum. He stared at me a moment, and then coming up to me asked me in a very low tone, how much I wanted. He seemed to be very much afraid that he should be heard by some men that stood by the door, (some of his cold-water customers, I presume.) After he had filled my bottle, I asked him why he had no sign out with *Rum* on it. He hesitated a moment, and then said 'It's not the fashion, sir.' "People that are patronised by kings or queens," said I, "are very careful to make it known, and I think the *authority of the State of Connecticut* is enough of a queen to be proud of her favor. I recommend to you to put up on your door, and get stamped on all your jugs and bottles something like this—*Drunkard maker to the State of Connecticut; or, to the Honorable, the Senate and House of Representatives.*" I saw that the gentlemen that stood about the door were listening, and were coming in one after another, so I went on. "I wonder if your rum is pure. Some, you know, water it, and then pepper it with something to make it taste strong enough. But what you sell must be good, as you are an authorised agent of the State. However, I'll try it," putting the bottle to my mouth—"O, I forgot that the law forbids you to let people drink on your premises. Well, I can go out doors and drink, though I don't exactly see the difference between getting drunk inside of your shop and outside of it, so long as you supply the rum. But laws are sometimes very nice in their distinctions, and there may be a reason for this one that a lawyer can see, though I cannot." One of the gentlemen advised me to throw away my bottle, and become a sober man. "Good advise," said I, "but I can't do it. I have an appetite that I cannot resist; I feel its burning within me now, and I can't help being drunk, as long as these faithful agents of the public will sell me rum. They all know—Mr. James knows—that drunkards have this appetite, and they minister to it for filthy lucre's sake. I know how it will be with me from what has been. I shall go on for a week or ten days, till my bodily energies are so exhausted that I can go no farther, and then I shall get sober. You,' pointing to Mr. James, 'agent for the public in this matter are helping me on in this course. I am a drunkard, you are a drunkard maker. I, urged on by appetite, am the victim of your avarice. If there ever was a dirty way of making money, it is this. You wonder, gentlemen, that a drunkard will talk thus; but I tell you that I hate both the fetters that bind me, and the men that forge them." "That's plain talk," said the retailer, who looked as if he would be glad to have me gone. "Well I mean to be plain. I wish you would be as plain with your conscience; you would empty every rum cask into the street, and curse the day you went into this business." "It's pretty well for a dirty, ragged drunkard to lecture me in this way." "Your business is to make just such dirty, ragged drunkards as I am—so don't find fault with your own work." "A fair hit," said one of the company.

As I went out of the shop, I saw some Mohegan Indians at a little distance, emptying a jug which they got filled at this same decent store of the decent Mr. James, another beautiful example of the consistency of the laws of our wise Daniels. The law opens here and there a fountain of drunkenness, appoints a keeper to deal out its precious contents, but orders him to permit no one to drink just around the fountain, though any one can drink just as much, and get as drunk as he please, if he is only outside of the walls that enclose it. The apothecary would be just as reasonable, if he should tell a man that wanted to kill himself with poison, I'll sell it to you, on condition that you shall get out of the shop before you take it. What matters it to the wife and children of the drunkard that are beaten and turned out of doors, whether he got drunk on the spot where he bought the rum, or by the way, or after he had reached home? According to my notion, (and I ought to know something about it, for I have been drunk in many different spots in may life,) getting drunk is the same thing in all places, whether it be outside of a shop, or inside—in a licensed shop, or in an unlicensed one. Getting drunk is getting drunk; and such a wise Legislature as your Connecticut Legislature is, cannot make any thing else of it. The only difference that I can see is this—that a man who gets drunk in a shop may walk some of the steam off, and may not be as drunk when he gets home, as he would be if he waited till then, so that, on the whole, it is better to get drunk in the shop than at home;—and I would recommend to our legislators to consider this fact, and lay a penalty on making people drunk *outside* of the shop instead of *inside*, as the law now stands. And I would recommend farther, for the good of drunkards' families, that every keeper of a fountain of drunkenness should be obliged to take care of every man that he makes drunk, till he gets sober. This would certainly be just, for the keeper is the only one profited by making him drunk. Suppose the law were so—what a pretty scene would a rum-shop present at night, when some twenty or thirty were drunk—some staggering about, some vomiting, some dead drunk, some singing, with an occasional hiccup, by way of symphony or trill, and some with slippery tongues, cursing priestcraft and the cold-water society. And what a scene, too, next morning, when the door is opened, and the light of the sun, which shines alike upon the just and the unjust, is let in upon them. Bah! the very thought nauseates me, and I cannot describe it—it's beyond description.

Here I must stop, and I will give you the rest of the incidents of the week in my next.—*Norwich Courier.*

MISCELLANY.

From the National Anti-Slavery Standard.

Disgraceful Conduct.

On Sabbath morning last, the writer of this attend the meeting of Friends in Rose street, in this city, where he was privileged to listen to a bold and faithful testimony against slavery, from the lips of THOMAS M'CLINTOCK, of Waterloo, an approved minister of the Society, and a faithful and uncompromising abolitionists. His manner was affectionate and solemn, and his language such as would naturally flow from a heart alive to the claims of suffering humanity. Will our readers believe us when we say, that this faithful messenger of divine truth was disturbed, in a Quaker assembly, by a noisy *shuffling of feet?* We asure them that such was the disgraceful fact, and that the act was several times repeated in the course of his address. Nor is such conduct much to be wondered at, when it is considered that the most prominent minister in the meeting is in the habit of denouncing, not only anti-slavery, but temperance societies, in the most reproachful terms, in his public communications. This rude pro-slavery demonstration was made, however, by a small portion of the assembly, and will meet the disapprobation of many who are not abolitionists. If the young men who thus disgraced themselves had not been nursed in a pro-slavery atmosphere at home, and felt themselves sustained by the opposition to the anti-slavery enterprise, which generally prevails in the meeting, they would not thus have presumed to disturb the "quiet of their fellow-worshipers.

Horrible Outrage at the Polls!! We learn from a passenger who came in the cars from Lancaster last evening, that Cameron's infamous blood-hounds attacked R. W. Middleton, Esq. the independent editor of the Lancaster Examiner, while at the polls, knocked him down, jumped upon him and cut his face in the most horrible manner: the flesh was cut nearly off both sides of his face, and left his cheek and jaw bones nearly bare! Three physicians were in attendance, and fears were entertained for his safety. All this for daring to question the public acts of that greatest of ruffians and most infamous of men, James Cameron! When will this desperado meet the punishment which his crimes deserve! It is the duty of every citizen to help to bring this wretch to justice.—*Harrisburg Chronicle.*

Brutal Outrage.—In Baltimore, on Monday night, as a young gentlemen, named Dallman, was returning home between eleven and twelve o'clock, he encountered a riotous group at the corner of Baltimore and Liberty streets, and was asked if he was not a whig. Being under age and not entitled to a vote, he said he was nothing, and endeavored to pass on. Upon this he was attacked and severely wounded by a cut under the eye, which severed the lachrymal duct and inflicted an injury which may prove very serious. Dr. Formerden was called to the sufferer about 12 o'clock, and though aided by skillful hands, Mr. D. experienced much pain from this wanton outrage.

The present number of sheep in the U. States it is supposed is about 15,000,000, yielding 40,000,000 pounds of wool, which at the present prices, will bring into first hands $20,000,000. The selling price will make the value of the clip about $30,000,000.

Syria, which is now the debateable ground betwixt the allies and the Pacha of Egypt, is estimated to contain about 50,000 square miles. The whole population is somewhat under a million and a half. The revenue for 1835, amounted to about £640,000 sterling. The expenditure exceeds the revenue by about £5,000,000.

Population of Boston.—The state census taken in June last, represents the population of the city to be 83,979; while the United States census taken in June last, swells the whole number to 93,452. This difference arises from the inmates of the hospital; State paupers, and seamen being omitted in the State census. In ward 2, the great resort of sailors, the U. S. enumeration exceeds that of the State by 8,457. In consequence of neglecting to enumerate the seafaring men in ward 2, the city loses four representatives for the next ten years.—*Traveller.*

Curious feat of Spiders.—The Lowell Courier relates a curious occurence which took place in that city. Mr. Roland Lyman, a jeweller, left a gold ring, with a piece of paper, for a label, lying within it, upon his bench. The next morning he found that a large black spider, from the ceiling overhead, had attached his web to the paper, and raised that and the ring one inch. In the course of a week he raised it eight inches. He was then driven away by a small brown spider. Another black one afterwards attached his web to it, and in three days raised it to the height of fourteen inches from the table; when by some means, the web was broken. The weight of the paper and ring was twelve grains.

There was a riot in Baltimore on Monday night, and another one Tuesday night. The Mayor was on the ground on both occasions and finally succeeded in dispersing the mob on both evenings. They were occasioned by political quarrels. Mr. Bachelor, one of the police, was injured during the former disturbance, and Ex-Mayor Leakin received a severe blow during the latter; a pistol was discharged during the fracas, but no one hurt by it. Several windows in the Eutaw House and Globe Inn were broken, and those in the printing office of the Patriot were startled a little.

Startling Facts.—The sum annually expended for bread by the population of Great Britain and Ireland, amounts to twenty-five millions sterling; while the money expended in the United Kingdom in strong drink amounts to upwards of fifty millions annually! The consumption of gin alone, in these countries, amounts to more than twelve millions every year.

To Parents.

It is stated by eminent medical writers that at least one third of the children in the United States die from teething, and diseases caused thereby. Read the following:

A REAL BLESSING TO MOTHERS.

Dr. W. Evans' celebrated Soothing Syrup for Children cutting their teeth.

This infallible remedy has preserved hundreds of children when thought past recovery from convulsions. As soon as the syrup is rubbed on the gums, the child will recover. This preparation is so innocent, so efficacious, and so pleasant that no child will refuse to let its gums be rubbed with it. When infants are at the age of four months, though there is no appearance of teeth, one bottle of Syrup should be used on the gums to open the pores. Parents never should be without the Syrup in the nursery where there are young children; for if a child wakes in the night with a pain in the gums, the syrup immediately gives ease by opening the pores and healing the gums, thereby preventing Convulsions, Fevers, &c.

The above invaluable medicine, together with Dr. Wm. Evans' Camomile and Aperient Pills, are sold wholesale at 100 Chatham, st. New York, and by

JOHN F. BROWN, Concord, N. H. *Agent for Merrimack County.*

Dec. 21, 1839. 43 1y.

Dr. Wm. Evans'
CAMOMILE APERIENT PILLS,

FOR CONSUMPTION, COUGHS, COLDS, Nervous diseases, liver complaint, dyspepsia, bilious diseases, piles, ulcers, female weakness, and all cases of hypochondriacism, low spirits, palpitation of the heart, nervous irritability, nervous weakness, fluor albus, seminal weakness, indigestion, loss of appetite, heartburn, general debility, bodily weakness, chlorosis, or green sickness, flatulency, hysterics, headaches, hiccup, sea sickness, night mare, rheumatism, asthma, tic douloreaux, cramp, spasmodic affection, and those who are victims to that most excruciating disorder, Gout, will find relief from their suffering, by a course of Dr. Evan's medicine.

UNVIABLE DISTINCTION.

In the midst of a general, and in many instances, not unfounded prejudice against many of the medical remedies of the day, DR. WM. EVANS' PILLS have the enviable distinction of an universal approbation. They are perhaps the only medicine publicly advertised that has the full and unreserved testimony of medical men in its favor, if not the only one which gives full satisfaction to its purchasers. Dr Wm. Evans has the satisfaction of knowing that his CAMOMILE OR TONIC PILLS are not only regularly recommended and prescribed by the most experienced physicians in their daily practice, but also, taken by those gentlemen themselves, whenever they feel symptoms of those diseases in which they well know them to be efficacious. He knows this to be generally the case in New York, Philadelphia, Albany, Boston, and other large cities in which they have an extensive sale. That they should thus conquer professional prejudice and interested opposition, and secure the agency of the most eminent and best informed physicians in the country to render them useful to all classes, can only be fairly ascribed to their undeniable and pre-eminent virtues.

BEWARE OF COUNTERFEITS.—Be particular in purchasing to see that the label of this medicine contains a notice of its *entry according to act of Congress.* And be likewise particular in obtaining them at 100 Chatham-st. New York, or from the

REGULAR AGENTS.

Boston, S. Powell, 36 Cornhill.
Concord, John F. Brown.
Portsmouth, N. March.
Exeter, F. Grant.
Nashua, Kendall & Gould.
Newport, Wilcox & Parmelee.
Dover, J. H. Wheeler.

Dr. Evans' Camomile and Aperient Pills,
Dr. Evans' Fever and Ague Pills,
Dr. Evans' Soothing Syrup,
Dr. Goode's Female Pills,
Dr. Hunt's Botanic Pills,

Are entered according to Act of Congress, and are vended only at 100 Chatham-st. New York, or at the regular Agents.

For sale at JOHN F. BROWN'S Bookstore, Concord, N. H.

Dec. 21, 1839. 43 1y.

New-York and Boston.

JUST received from New-York and Boston a large assortment of

FALL AND WINTER GOODS,

which are offered very cheap for cash.

GEO. HUTCHINS.

Sept. 17, 1840.

THE GENUINE HYGEIAN
Come again!

THE subscriber, by the appointment of E. W. Avery, of Plymouth, General Agent for the State of New Hampshire is agent for the sale of the Vegetable Universal Medicines of the British College of Health, for Concord and vicinity, and is now the only individual in the County of Merrimack, of whom the Genuine Hygeian can be obtained. The diseased that for two or three years past have made use of Pills hawked about the country by Horatio Shepheard Moat and his agents purporting to be the Medicines of the British College of Health, are aware that those Medicines are not what they profess; and fall far short of the efficacy of the Medicines formerly sold by Moat and his agents. This is owing to the fact that Moat instead of selling the Medicines of the British College of which he was formerly agent, has been for several years selling a Medicine of his own manufacture. this coming to the knowledge of the College, and their health may be brought within the reach of the afflicted in the United States, they have dismissed Moat from their agency, and appointed in his stead Dr. George Taylor, of New York, of whom and his agents may once more be obtained the genuine MORISON'S PILLS.

The Hygeian Medicines cure all diseases that admit of cure, because all diseases have one origin—IMPURITY OF THE BLOOD; and these Medicines are not only the most certain and efficacious of all purifiers of the blood—but they leave the stomach in healthful action to make GOOD BLOOD—which is HEALTH.

For sale at the Office of the Herald of Freedom, Low's Building, 3d story.

JOHN R. FRENCH.

Concord, June 23, 1840. 18

A LIST AND THE PRICES OF BOOKS FOR SALE AT THE ANTI-SLAVERY DEPOSITORY, CONCORD.

BOUND VOLUMES.

Buxton on the Slave Trade,	8 cts.
Mrs. Child's Appeal,	62
Bourne's Picture of Slavery,	63
Despotism in America,	50
Archy Moore,	50
Thompson's Lectures on British India,	50
Liberty Bell,	50
Freedom's Gift,	50
North Star,	50
Emancipation in West Indies,	50
Miss Grimke's Letters to Miss. Beecher,	50
Rankin's Letters,	50
Slavery Illustrated in its Effects on Woman,	50
Negro Pew,	50
Slave's Friend,	50
Whittier's Poems,	50
Freedom's Lyre,	50
Jay's Enquiry,	50
Jay's View,	50
Wesley's Thoughts,	50
Testimony of God Against Slavery,	50
Songs of the Free,	50
Oasis by Mrs. Child,	50
Anti-Slavery Record, 3 vols.	50
Alton Riots,	62
Complete Sets of Sargent's Temperance Tales, beautifully bound in 6 vols.	2 00

PAMPHLETS.

Slavery As It Is,	38
Emancipation in the West Indies,	38
Bible *versus* slavery—by T. D. Weld,	12
Chattel Principle—by T. D. Weld,	12
Power of Congress over the District of Columbia—by T. D. Weld,	12
Trial of the Amistad Captives,	12
Right and Wrong in Massachusetts,	12
Martyr Age—by Harriet Martineau,	12
Liberty,	7
Narrative of Moses Roper,	4
Anti-Slavery Catechism by Mrs. Child,	4
Evils and Cure of Slavery,	6
Birney's Letter on Colonization,	6
Despotism of Freedom,	06
Anti-Slavery Letter Paper, various kinds, by the Quire,	from 30 to 50

For the benefit of all concerned, there will be no deviation from the above prices. Persons from a distance can then as well *send* for books as come themselves. Should any book or books be ordered which are not on hand, they will be procured, if possible, without delay. The Depository is the property of the State Society, and all the avails will go to replenish its treasury.

Orders may be directed (postage paid) to Parker Pillsbury, General Agent of the New Hampshire Anti-Slavery Society.

Concord, June 27th, 1840.

THEOLOGICAL BOOKS
AT
I. S. BOYD'S,
No. 1, Low's Brick Block.

A CHOICE selection of second hand Theological and other books at a *very low price* may be found as above. Among these are SCOTT'S, CLARK'S and DODDRIDGE'S COMMENTARIES, SCOTT'S THEOLOGICAL WORKS, and many other standard works. They have been selected from a gentleman's private Library, and are most of them unused. Clergymen and others wishing to purchase are requested to call and examine for themselves.

Concord, February 8, 1840.

Selling off at Cost.

ISRAEL S. BOYD, Agent, would respectfully inform his friends and the public that he has made arrangements for selling his extensive assortment of

Theological, School, and Miscellaneous
BOOKS,
STATIONERY, JEWELRY, FANCY GOODS, TIME-PIECES, &c.,

for the benefit of his creditors, at his old store ☞No. 1, Low's Brick Block,☜ and respectfully solicits the patronage of his former customers and all who may favor him with their patronage.

I. S. B. would also give notice that he continues the sale of the INDIAN PURGATIVE PILLS very extensively used. Also,

Dr. BEACH'S Medicines of various kinds, and
Dr. PRESCOTT'S do. do.
All which are highly approved.

Concord, Jan. 23, 1840.

JAMES EATON,
MANUFACTURER OF
RIFLES, Fowling Pieces, MUSKETS,
AND LOCKS OF ALL SIZES AND DESCRIPTIONS.
PERCUSSIAN CAPS,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.
☞ **Repairing done in the best manner.**
29 CONCORD, N. H.

Coloring Establishment.

GEORGE BKACKETT has taken an east room in the basement of Low's Brick Block, where he will be happy to color all garments intrusted to his care, in the best manner and in a style which cannot fail to suit the public. Concord, Oct. 6.